

accomplished the most illustrious of his achievements, there yet abides within the man an incomputable remainder. This is true of man: it is infinitely more true of God. His presence means infinitely more to the soul than all that He has done. To be an object of the Divine thought and care is an incomparable honor: to be the recipient of the Divine Presence is to have eternal life. "Whom to know aright is eternal life."

What is the nature of this presence that is the supreme need of every human soul?

It is spiritual. The Divine Presence cannot be seen by mortal eyes. It works within the realm of the spirit. Says Dr. Parkhurst, "You adjust your clock to keep time with the sun. We are adjusted to keep time with the sun. It was just to a poor, unschooled water-bearer that the truth was revealed, God is spirit. The most difficult thing that could be told her, and yet Christ judged her equal to the lesson. The mind is made for just this. 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.'"

The Divine Presence is illuminating. It brightens the processes of the human mind. On the North Atlantic coast there is a light house kept by a woman. A visitor to the light house will be shown the oil by which the lamps are kept burning, and the oil is ordinary petroleum. He is shown the lamps that burn nightly, and he sees that they are not noticeably large. Then he is shown the bright and powerful reflectors, and the keeper explains how the feeble light of the oil lamps is shot far out to sea, though the night be dark and stormy. The presence of God in the human mind is like the action of the reflectors on the light of the lamps. The mind may be unconscious of the presence, yet by means of it, the intensity, the correctness, and the power of mental processes are increased incalculably.

The Divine Presence is adaptive. Every gift of God is limited to some phase of human experience or human need. The Divine Presence is infinitely comprehensive in its varied applications. It was aptly symbolized by the pillar of cloud and fire that led the Israelites. Like the cloud it shields us from the blasting effects of prosperity: like the fire it lights our path when the darkness of sorrow and adversity wrap us in their sombre folds. There is no experience of our lives that the Divine Presence is not fitted to cover.

How shall we cultivate the Divine Presence? Perhaps no one in the history of the Christian Church has been more conscious of the presence of God and whose life made a deeper impression on his associates than "Brother Lawrence," Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, a lowly lay brother among the Carmelites, in the sixth century. In his little book, "Practicing the Presence," he says, "Having given myself wholly to God that He might take away my sin, I renounced for the sake of Him everything that was not He, and I began to live as if there was none but He and I in the world * * * and every hour, every minute, even in the height of my business, I drove away from my mind everything that was capable of interrupting my thought of God."

As Hannah Whitehall Smith remarks, "What 'Broth-

er Lawrence' did, all can do. No theological training, nor any especial theological views are needed for the blessed 'practice' he recommends. No gorgeous churches, nor stately cathedral, nor elaborate ritual could either make or mar it. A kitchen or an altar were as one to him; and to pick up a straw from the ground was as grand a service as to preach to multitudes."

"INTO THE MORNING."

Amos 5:8.

The beautiful seven star sisters,
In the summer time, bright and warm;
And the mighty warrior Orion,
In the season of cold and storm,
We may see in the sky above us,
When the night's dark shadows fall,
The stars of the summer and winter,
And the same hand made them all.

He who made the stars in their glory,
He rolleth night's shadows away.
And he turneth death's dark, dark shadow
To the morn of an endless day;
A day, o'er whose brightness and glory,
Shall drift sorrow's storm clouds no more,
For sin and pain never shall darken
The light of the beautiful shore.

—By Margaret H. Barnett.

DERELICTS.

By Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

On a recent passage, while facing a terrific storm, I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas, and who was master of the ship. I said to him:

"Do you fear the storm?"

"Not in the least," he said, "for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has ever swept across the mighty deep."

Then said I: "Do you fear the fog?"

"Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas."

"What then," I said to him, "do you fear the most?"

He said: "We are most afraid of derelicts. A derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing to no harbor, a ship without a compass, without a crew, and without a captain."

As he spoke it occurred to me that there are a vast number of derelicts today all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbor, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives. Of no use to themselves and incapable of serving others. Some of these derelicts were once in the church, but unfaithful to their duties, they have slipped away. Some of them, never having known Christ, have become genuinely indifferent to the claims of God. It is a thought of great cheer, however, that there is One who waits to board every drifting vessel to make useful that which has been useless, to strengthen that which has been weak, and that One is Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation.

If we are to have power with God and with men, we must pay the price in self-denying service.